

\$500
IN PRIZES.

The Girl in Blue.

\$500
IN PRIZES.A Prince-Charming
Romance of Business
Girl Life in Gotham.

By Albert Payson Terhune.

The Third Story of the Prize Series.

No. 1—The Girl in Black.

No. 2—The Girl in Red.

No. 3—The Girl in Blue.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Hilda Gilchrist, stenographer in a law firm, is loved by Bruce Clayton, junior member of the firm, and by Jack Bruce, one of the clerks. Hilda is the daughter of a wealthy uncle, whose sole heiress she is, left a large fortune. This estate cannot be touched until Hilda has a cipher that she believes may be clue to its whereabouts. Bruce volunteers to help her solve the cipher.

Mrs. Stanger, to whom Clayton is engaged, overhears Clayton's proposal to Hilda. She confronts him and, by reminding him of the knowledge of certain things he has committed, forces him to keep his promise to marry her. Bruce hits on a clue to the cipher.

After the office is closed in the late afternoon, Jack returns with Hilda and explains to her the translation of the cipher. They discover a man trying to break open Hilda's desk.

CHAPTER IV.
A Revelation.

"ERAZA RAYNOR!" cried Bruce in astonishment as the feeble rays of the one tiny gas-jet flickered on the thief's face.

"Well," drawled Raynor, "what are you going to do about it?"

"In the first place, I'm going to see that you do nothing more toward rifling this desk. Then I'm going to report you to your employers. An office thief is a menace that will destroy the confidence and tone of the whole place if he is not exposed."

"That's so," agreed Raynor gravely. "You talk fine. It's good to hear you. It comes pretty close to converting me. In fact, it would convert me if I was a thief. But it happens I'm not. I did this job after the crowd had gone, so as not to be interfered with. But I'm doing it under the boss's orders."

"The boss's orders? What do you mean?"

"Well, you see, it's this way," said Raynor, edging nearer to him and slipping the hand that held the chisel behind his back. "There's been some things missing around the office lately and I happened to have a pretty good idea who the thief was. So when I mentioned my suspicions to the boss he told me to go through the girl's desk and see if I could happen on any of the stolen things."

He had told the first lie that came into his head, not knowing that Bruce had any special interest in Hilda. Erazza vaguely disliked Bruce on account of the latter's cleanliness of appearance, speech and life and still more because of the dislike for Erazza's own society which Jack always manifested.

He also knew that, while Mr. Clarke, the senior partner, had a strong liking for Bruce, Clayton disliked him. It suddenly occurred to Raynor that if he could strike Bruce senseless with the chisel and then give the alarm it would not only make his own depositions and account for the despoiled condition of Hilda's desk, but would please Clayton and rob Clarke of faith in his protegee.

With this in view he was edging still closer, unaware of Hilda, who waited wide-eyed in the shadow, watching the odd scene.

"Do you mean to say," shouted Bruce, his voice choked with fury, "that you went to your employers and lyingly accused Miss Gilchrist of theft and—"

"Oh, it wasn't any lie. She's a sneak thief, all right. She—"

He got no further. The chisel flew clattering to the floor from his nerveless hand, and Erazza Raynor followed it, a huddled, half-conscious heap of clothes and bones.

Above the victim of his impetuous blow towered Bruce, wiping the blood from his "barked" knuckles.

"Mr. Bruce!" cried Hilda, rushing in. "Oh, what have you done? Have you killed him?"

"Not quite," laughed Bruce grimly. "That kind don't die easily. But I think I've taught him not to take your name on his lips again."

Scowling, whimpering, snarling, but thoroughly cowed, Erazza Raynor slowly rose to his feet. Blood trickled from his cut mouth and broken teeth. His clothes were awry and stained with dust. His feet like eyes, one glance of murderous, undying hate at the assailant. He essayed to speak, but could not.

"What's all this?" asked a voice behind them. Hyde Clayton, returning to the office to receive the cipher he hoped his henchman had by this time secured, strode in on the foregoing tableau.

"I found this man breaking into a desk," said Jack, suppressing Hilda's name from the affair. "When I interrupted him he insulted me and I was forced to knock him down. That's all."

"And what were you doing here at this time of night?" asked Clayton, sternly.

"I came back here to do some work, sir."

"For the office?"

"No, sir; for myself."

So saying, he left the room followed by Raynor.

"I'm so sorry," said Jack eagerly, when they were alone together, "that my foolish exhibition of temper should have caused you all this annoyance. Please forgive me."

"Don't say that," she begged. "I am so grateful to you for resenting the slur on my honesty. It was splendid of you. How can I thank you?"

"By forgetting all about it," he replied.

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THE INSULT AVENGED.



"Oh, what have you done! Have you killed him?"

spurred, "and now let us get at the cipher and I'll explain to you the key to it which I think I've found."

Seating himself at a typewriter and laying his copy of the cipher beside the

machine, he began:

"The idea came to me to-day, when, inadvertently I struck two wrong letters, he after the other. Each letter was directly to the left of the letter I

had intended to strike. It reminded me of your uncle's repeated warning, 'Turn to the left—to the left.' I fancied that might apply to the cipher, so I tried it. See, the cipher reads:

"S-N-D-E-P-V-P-N-5370."

"Now, by striking on the typewriter's keyboard the letter directly to the left of each letter in the cipher, and adding the numbers 5370, we have:

"A-B-S-D-C-O-B-5370."

"But," protested the puzzled girl, "how does that help us? It only gives us a new set of unintelligible letters."

"I don't think so," urged Jack. "For instance, we get the word 'CO,' abbreviation of 'Company.' The 'S. D.' before it must refer to a 'S. D. Company.' What is the only sort of 'S. D. Com-

pany' that could have charge of a fortune?"

"Why!" cried Hilda, a light breaking

A Cipher Mystery
for Solving Which
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First Prize.....\$50
Five Prizes, each..... 10
Seventy Prizes, each..... 5
Twenty-five Prizes, each..... 2

in on her, "a safe deposit company, of course, and—"

"And the 'B. 5370' must be 'Box 5370.' All that is left is to decipher the 'A. B.' at the beginning."

"Where are you going?" asked Hilda, as Jack ran to the other end of the room.

"To get a directory," he called over his shoulder.

Returning with the book, he turned over the leaves at the back of the book. "Here we are!" he said, in a moment.

"Here's a list of the various safe-deposit companies. Now which, if any, has the initials 'A. B.'? Commercial, Equitable, Mercantile, Garfield—here! Aaron Burr Safe Deposit Company. How foolish of me not to have guessed Harry Furlong, my best friend, works for that company. Your cipher is as clear as day. It reads, 'Aaron Burr Safe Deposit Company, Box 5370. That is where your uncle deposited his wealth, in a strong box—No. 5370—in that company's vaults. That's why he told you to turn to your typewriter for aid and always to turn to the left. It is simplicity itself."

"Oh, thank you ten thousand times," cried the girl in utter gratitude. "But for you I should never have guessed it. It is to you that I will owe everything."

"Please don't," he said gently, "please don't talk that way. If you only knew what a joy it is to me to serve you—to make your lot less dreary!" There was a look of sadness that he could not wholly banish from his frank face. Yet he fought back the thought that her acquisition of wealth must kill forever his hope of winning her.

"Come," he said. "Shall I take you home? It is long past your dinner

hour. The safe deposit company will be closed for the night by this time. But we will go there during the lunch hour to-morrow."

Scarcely had a man lurking in the shadows time to dart backward back into an adjoining doorway before the two passed out into the main hallway.

As the outer door closed behind them Clayton stepped from his hiding-place and hurried to the telephone.

He eagerly demanded the number of the Aaron Burr Safe Deposit Company. A voice replied after a long wait:

"Who is this?" asked Clayton. "Furlong," came the reply.

"Good! This is Jack Bruce," replied Clayton.

"You're in luck getting me," replied Furlong. "It's long after closing time. I've been working late and I was just starting for home. What is it?"

"Car you find out for me who rents box 5370 in your vault?"

Furlong did not leave the telephone to look up the number of the box. His answer came at once, prompt and decisive.

Clayton dropped the receiver as though he had been shot.

"Oh, the fools, the two young fools!" he gasped. "Here's a fine climax to their wild goose chase. (To Be Continued.)"

HE KNEW.

Mrs. Snapper—is my hat on straight? Mr. Snapper—Yes.

Mrs. Snapper—How do you know, you never even looked at it?

Mr. Snapper—Well, I know that if it wasn't you would have had four fits and the fire department here by this time.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Solve the Simple Cipher in This Story and
Win Some of the \$500 for Xmas Money.

A SIMPLE, easy cipher will be found in one of the twelve chapters of "The Girl in Blue." You are expected to solve that cipher and write the solution in the blank given below. The cipher in question is not the one given in the first instalment, but is longer and appears in a later chapter. In other chapters besides that which contains the cipher hints as to its solution will be scattered. So it is necessary for the reader to follow the entire story.

There are many ciphers in existence, but the one which competitors are here shown is one of the simplest. It requires for letters. Four words will be given as a start in the key, and the other letters of the alphabet not found in these words will follow. By the operation of a little thought and ingenuity the cipher may be readily translated.

The story will end on Saturday, Dec. 19, and answers will be received up to noon of Monday, Dec. 21. Fill out this blank and send it to "Girl in Blue Editor of Evening World, P. O. Box 1254, New York City."

SENDER'S NAME.....
SENDER'S ADDRESS.....

HERE ARE "THE GIRL IN RED" PRIZE WINNERS.

THE age of "The Girl in Red" was 18 years and 4 months. Those who read the story closely were aware that she was over 17 and under 20; also that the months of her age (5) divided by the years (18) gave a quotient which carried to only two places of decimals (.22), and multiplied by 100 would yield a product (22) which was the sum of the years and months (4+18=22×100=2200=18+4).

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Christmas Gifts that Can Be Made at Home.

With Suggestions How to Make Them, by MME. JUDICE.

Presents Children Can Make.

Dear Mrs. Judice:

I am a little girl aged twelve, and want to give some presents for Christmas that I made myself. I can't spend much money, so thought I would write to you, as mamma said you helped her to make pretty dresses that looked so neat, and cost so little.

GLADYS TOWER.

YOUR little letter is one of many of its kind that I have received, and as I appreciate the fact that there is none more interested in Christmas gifts than children, I will give a few suggestions of inexpensive novelties for children to make.

To begin with, the numberless little trifles for a bedroom, such as laundry bags, shoe bags, little receivers and pin-cushions are all acceptable. Mikado baskets that cost 5 and 10 cents make pretty hair receivers, with a little cover of gathered ribbon and a bow for the top, and suitable gifts for mamma, grandma and aunt. Then, too, there are the cushion pads of silk and cotton for sick pine, card-table, pipe-rack, doryles and waste baskets. The latest named may be made of wallpaper pasted on a wooden frame. A pretty idea is to make it of the same paper as the room in which it stands. Broomers are always appropriate gifts. Pretty ones can be made at a cost of 5 cents. A piece of white mounting board, 5 by 8 inches, will serve as cover. On the leaves flowers cut from Japanese tissue-paper napkins are pasted, each separately arranged in a pretty design, with all the white portion of the napkin cut away. A piece of blotting paper, 5 by 8, is tied with ribbon or tape to this cover. A pretty cover for a kodak album can

MME. JUDICE will give advice on the designing and making of Xmas novelties for gifts. If you have bits of lace, velvet or odds and ends of any kind, and do not know just how to utilize them, consult her and she will help you.

be made from rough wrapping-paper, in either tan or brown color. The cover might be of any size desirable. On the left side of the cover of the upper portion the word "snap" is printed, with letters placed one underneath the other. On the right side "shots." It can be done in ink or gilt paint, with a stiff brush. In the centre of the space between the words is a target, made by cutting a circle of contrasting colored paper 4 to 4 inches in diameter. Over this, but with the same center, paste another circle of a different color 5 to 4 inches in size, while the bull's-eye, inked in black, is 1 to 4 inches.

Four or five small heads of friends, cut from kodak pictures, are pasted on different parts of the target. This makes a most acceptable gift for anybody owning a kodak.

Stamp boxes make small but exceedingly pretty gifts. Heavy water-color paper or light-weight cardboard is used in their making. A piece five or six inches on the shape of a large box when opened out is the design, the base and cover being two by three inches and the sides one inch high. The corners are tied with colored baby ribbon. A two-cent stamp is placed on the cover.

Letter-boxes could be made on the same plan, only larger. Calendars are

shape of maple or ivy leaves, real leaves being used for a pattern and a loop of baby ribbon serving for a stem? In the centre of the topmost leaf may be pasted the photograph of his little girl. Never use colored tissue paper for the leaves of a shaving pad, although the top leaf or cover may be of any preferred color or material.

Two circles of chamols skin caught around the edges with red silk and tied at the top with a little red bow of ribbon makes a useful gift for grandma or grandpa. On the cover print in ink or gold paint the words:

"If you wish to see the world aright. Be sure and keep your glasses bright."

A head rest for a chair is also a nice little gift for them. Cut out a piece of pretty, flowered cretonne in a crescent shape and sew together with a piece of satin ribbon on the edge. A thick wadding of soft cotton sprinkled with sachet powder placed inside and tied to a chair with ribbons to the binding will help toward giving many a little moment of rest and comfort.

A small tin ring covered with a pretty colored satin ribbon and the addition of a bow at one side will make a pretty napkin ring for brother or sister and cost almost nothing.

Two pieces of ribbon about nine inches long sewed together with a fancy stitch and filled with soft wool will make a traveler's pin-cushion. A band of narrow ribbon one end tied and held it in a roll when tied and keep the pins of all sorts and sizes from falling out.

These are only a few of the many trifles that can be made by little fingers. I think the small expense and the experiment in making will hardly balance the joy and happiness in learning for the first time, perhaps, the lesson of usefulness and good cheer.

FRENCH ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Some sixty-four miles off the coast of Tunis a cluster of little islands has been discovered. One was found to be inhabited by a former French sergeant, Clement, who had abandoned some fourteen years ago and a small number of natives. The islands have been annexed by France, and Clement appointed Resident Inspector of Fishing and Harbor, Registrar and Teacher.

THE OLDEST HORSEMAN.

Charles Taylor, the oldest trainer and driver of trotting horses in the country, is nearly ninety-seven years old, but is still vigorous. He lives at White River Junction, Vt., where he is looking after horses on a farm.

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Chas. H. Fletcher.

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